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Mr B. Craig

REHEARSAL SCRIPT

"DO YOU RECOGNISE THE WOMAN?"

by
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VTR/THS/5421

PROD.NO.35012

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CAST

CALLAN
HUNTER
LONELY
MERES
BISHOP
LISA
FLO
RICHMOND
NORAH
DOWSETT
GLADYS
TECHNICIAN
PRISON OFFICER

SETS

MISSION. LIVING ROOM
MISSION. BEDROOM
HOTEL. LOUNGE (AS IN "CALL ME SIR!")
HOTEL. BATHROOM
PRISON KITCHEN
PRISON VISITING ROOM
HUNTER'S OFFICE
MISSION HALL

FILMED INTERIORS

DETECTOR VAN
TAXI

LOCATIONS

EXT. MISSION
STREET TWO
EXT. PRISON GATES
EXT. HOTEL
THAMES SIDE FOOTPATH

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SC.1. INT. MISSION. HALL. DAY.

AN EVANGELICAL MISSION; DRAB, DIM AND PAINT-PEELING. DOWSETT IS CONDUCTING THE SPARSE CONGREGATION IN A NON-CONFORMIST HYMN. HE IS A SMALL MAN IN HIS EARLY FIFTIES, ILL CLAD IN A BADLY FITTING SUIT AND FRAYED PULLOVER.

NORAH DOWSETT ACCOMPANIES ON THE HARMONIUM. SHE IS A SEVEREWOMAN IN HER LATE FORTIES: UNCOM-PROMISING IN DRESS: UNPREPOSSESSING IN FEATURES.

HER BACK IS TO THE CONGREGATION WHICH IS POOR AND NONDESCRIPT EXCEPT FOR ONE UNIDENTIFIABLE FIGURE SEATED AT THE END OF A ROW, HIS SHOULDERS HUNCHED, HIS COLLAR TURNED UP.

SC.2. EXT. MISSION. STREET. FILM. DAY.

AN ANONYMOUS AND DEPRESSING LONDON DISTRICT. THE MISSION DOORS. A TORN POSTER BESIDE THEM ADVISES THAT: "MAN DOTH NOT LIVE BY BREAD ALONE".

THE HARMONIUM AND THE SINGING CAN BE HEARD DISTANTLY FROM WITHIN. AS IT ENDS:

A RADIO DETECTOR VAN CRUISES SLOWLY PAST, ITS VANE ROTATING.

SC.3. INT. MISSION. LIVING ROOM. DAY.

SHABBY WITH TEXT-HUNG WALLS AND A ROLL TOP DESK. NORAH ENTERS, CARRYING HER SHEET MUSIC. SHE PUTS IT DOWN: GLANCES AT HER WATCH AND GOES TO THE DESK.

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SHE UNLOCKS IT AND (WE DON'T SEE WHAT'S INSIDE) ROLLS THE COVER BACK.

SC.4. INT. MISSION. HALL. DAY.

THE CONGREGATION IS LEAVING. DOWSETT IS BY THE DOOR BIDDING GOODNIGHTS AND CATCHING THE ODD COIN IN HIS COLLECTION BOX. HE CLOSES THE DOOR, TURNING TO SEE: A SOLITARY FIGURE SEATED AT AN END CHAIR, SHOULDERS HUNCHED, COLLAR TURNED UP. DOWSETT GOES TO HIM AND PUTS A SOLICITOUS HAND ON HIS SHOULDER.

DOWSETT: You seem troubled, friend.

RICHMOND LOOKS UP AT HIM.

RICHMOND: Deeply troubled. You pray with your eyes closed.

DOWSETT: I beg your pardon....?

RICHMOND: Anyone could have walked past you - (HE NODS TOWARDS THE OTHER, SMALL DOOR) - into there and discovered - what?

DOWSETT: (PAUSES) Who are you?

RICHMOND: Egret.

DOWSETT'S HAND LEAPS FROM HIS SHOULDER AND HE ALMOST SNAPS TO ATTENTION. HE GLANCES APPREHENSIVELY AT THE STREET DOOR.

DOWSETT: Sir....

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RICHMOND: Yes, lock up. And, in future, remember.

DOWSETT: Sir?

RICHMOND: Pray with one eye open.

SC.5. INT. MISSION. LIVING ROOM. DAY.

ON THE OPEN ROLL TOP WHICH HOLDS A RADIO TRANCEIVER. DOWSETT IS PLUGGING THE LEAD INTO THE OVERHEAD LIGHT SOCKET. RICHMOND AND NORAH WATCH.

NORAH: We've been expecting you for the past week, Colonel.

RICHMOND: Don't use rank. Just remember that I have it. I was detained by the S.I.S.

NORAH: How did you escape?

RICHMOND: I simply walked out on them. As they meant me to. It's taken me a week to shak e them off my tracks. (HE ADDRESSES DOWSETT)

RICHMOND: Our communications - are they efficient?

DOWSETT: As well as can be expected with such a low-power transmitter. The range is very limited and the trawler can only read us at specified times.

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RICHMOND: Hours of darkness?

DOWSETT: The risk an inshore run on certain days.

RICHMOND: (PAUSES) A risk, indeed. If they were picked up by a fishery cruiser -

NORAH: It would find a powerful transmitter. No more. The trawler is simply a relay station to Moscow.

RICHMOND: And the risk at this end?

DOWSETT: (SOURLY) I was ordered to send a message in clear two weeks ago -

RICHMOND: My orders.

DOWSETT: If it was intercepted -

RICHMOND: It was.

DOWSETT: They will be alerted.

RICHMOND: They are.

DOWSETT: (PAUSES) I was given no reason for the order.

RICHMOND: Radio Operators are not entitled to explanations.

DOWSETT: No sir.

RICHMOND: How long before they locate our transmitter?

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DOWSETT: My transmission are staggered and brief. It could take weeks.

RICHMOND: We might need weeks...(HE THINKS AND NOI Satisfactory. (TO NORAH) Report.

NORAH: Our cover has been established for six months. We're known in the district as brother and sister -

RICHMOND: Yes - I don't want background. What progress have you made?

NORAH: We're almost at the point of contact.

RICHMOND: Good. (TO DOWSETT) Encode a message. I want it relayed as soon as possible.

SC.6. EXT. STREET TWO. FILM. DAY.

THE DETECTOR VAN IS STILL CRUISING.

SC.7. INT. DETECTOR VAN. DAY.

FULL OF APPARATUS: A PLUGGED-IN TAPE RECORDER AND AN R.T. MERES SITS BESIDE THE TECHNICIAN, A LARGE BOARD MOUNTED STREET PLAN ON HIS LAP. A WIDE CIRCLE HAS BEEN DRAWN ROUND ONE AREA. MERES LOOKS FED UP.

MERES: Eight days....Eight groaning days orbiting this miserable manor - and you know what achieved? A queue at the post office for television licences.

TECHNICIAN: We're lucky to have found the district, Mr. Meres. He's nippy with the key, this lad. Very nippy.

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MERES: Yes....you said.

TECHNICIAN: Count your blessings then. A thirty second burst isn't much to get a fix on.

MERES: I'll count them when I'm counting the change for my first pint - when does the relief take over -

THE TECHNICIAN CLAMPS A HAND TO HIS HEAD SET AND STABS THE RECODER BUTTON. A STREAM OF FAST-SENT MORSE ISSUES FROM THE SPEAKER.

SC.8. INT. MISSION. LIVING ROOM. DAY.

OPEN CLOSE ON A FOOLSCAP PAD. THE PAGE BEARS A RANDOM AND INCOMPREHENSIBLE SET OF LETTERS WHICH IS OBVIOUSLY AN ENCODED MESSAGE. PULL OUT TO SHOW THAT DOWSETT IS EXPERTLY OPERATING THE MORSE RADIO TRANSCEIVER.

SC.9. INT. DETECTOR VAN. DAY.

THE MESSAGE IS STILL COMING THROUGH. THE TECHNICIAN IS BUSY WITH THE KNOBS AND DIALS OF THE APPARATUS.

TECHNICIAN: Two point three degrees south.. where does that take us?

MERES: Nowhere - there isn't a bloody left turn for quarter of a mile?

THE MESSAGE ENDS. THE TECHNICIAN PICKS UP THE R.T..

TECHNICIAN: D One to D Two...Can you read me, over? Get a bearing, Fred? No ..Yes, very nippy. Tough luck. (TO CALLAN) Sorry, Mr. Meres. We've narrowed the circle a bit but that's all.

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MERES: By how much?

THE TECHNICIAN TAKES HIS FELT TIP PEN AND PRESCRIBES A MARGINALLY SMALLER CIRCLE ON THE PLAN. MERES STARES AT IT FOR A MOMENT.

MERES: Well, that's a lot of bloody help, isn't it! (HE CONTROLS HIMSELF. HE LOOKS AT THE TAPE RECORDER) Still, we've got the message.

HE PUNCHES THE BUTTON AND SPOOLS THE TAPE BACK TO STOP.

SC.10. INT. HUNTER'S OFFICE. DAY.

HUNTER'S FINGER STABS THE RECORDER BUTTON AND, AS THE MORSE BEGINS:

CUT TO INCLUDE CALLAN AND BISHOP. BISHOP LISTENS BRIEFLY AND SWITCHES OFF.

BISHOP: Yes, interesting - but entirely unilluminating since I cannot read morse.

CALLAN: It wouldn't mean much if you could. It's in code.

BISHOP: But from the general atmosphere of cloying smugness, I would infer that the code has been broken?

HUNTER: Correct. The experts have excelled themselves this time.

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CALLAN: We're still having difficulty with the transmission source. They don't send every day and when they do, it's a thirty second burst. We can't get a fix.

HUNTER: Which is why we need your assistance.

BISHOP: Gladly.

HUNTER: With the Home Office.

BISHOP: Out of the question.

CALLAN: When we explain what we have in mind, sir -

BISHOP: No, definitely not, This section operates on its own. I decline to involve any Government department.

HUNTER: Let me translate the message for you. (HE CONSULTS A PAPER) "Egret safe in nest. Osprey still in cage. Contact being arranged."

BISHOP: Very ornithological.

CALLAN: Sir, we know that Egret is one of several codenames used for...Richmond.

BISHOP: Richmond! He's still around? For Heaven's sake, Hunter, locate that transmitter and pick him up. If Richmond's escape becomes even a rumour -

CALLAN: Sir, I did say that would take time. And with Richmond running around loose I don't think we can afford it. There is another name on that tap

BISHOP: Osprey.

CALLAN: Otherwise - Florence Mayhew.
Otherwise - Svetlana Souraikin, major, K.G.B.

BISHOP: I see... And you think she knows where Richmond is?

HUNTER: After this time, it's about the only thing of value she does know. And I think she would tell us - under pressure.

BISHOP: Thin ice, Hunter. Repercussions.

HUNTER: Psychological pressure.

BISHOP: (PAUSES) What assistance do you require?

CALLAN: Well....the bird is still in the cage.

SC.11. INT. PRISON KITCHEN. DAY.

START ON THE BARRED, HIGH SET WINDOW AND COME DOWN TO FINISH ON FLO WHO IS SCRUBBING A TABLE. GLADYS, A COCKNEY IN HER EARLY TWENTIES, IS ASSISTING HER BY SMOKING A SURREPTITIOUS FAG AND KEEPING AN EYE OPEN FOR THE PRISON OFFICERS. OF THE PRISONERS PRESENT, FLO (DESPITE THE UNIFORMITY) MANAGES TO LOOK BETTER GROOMED THAN THE OTHERS.

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GLADYS: So she says when Charlie gets out of the Scrubbs she'll maybe get him to face up to his responsibilities. And, joking like, I says maybe you could get him transferred here 'cos I could use a touch of the conjugals. She didn't laugh - she's got no sense of humour, Miss Dowsett. Took it dead serious.

FLO: No....She sounds quite a formidable lady, your Miss Dowsett. (SHE HANDS GLADYS A WET RAG) Here - do that end.

GLADYS: Ta - (AND DOESN'T MOVE) You should have a chat with her some time, Flo.

FLO: About what?

GLADYS: Hard to say, now that you mention it. I mean, you wouldn't be much interested in religion being a heathen. Here, what part of Russia are you from?

FLO: Chelmsford.

GLADYS: Go on, that's down Essex. I know you're a Russian 'cos you got done for spying.

FLO: It was all a terrible mistake, Gladys.

GLADYS: That what you told them?

FLO: I didn't tell them anything.

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GLADYS: Best way - (SHE LOOKS AROUND DISENCHANTED) Thank Gord I'm coming up for remission soon. Miss Dowsett said she'd put in a word. She's all right, you know. Not a great one for pleasures of the flesh but she's good for the odd bar of chocolate.

FLO: Ask her for a lipstick.

FLO: I got a lipstick, Flo.

FLO: Yes, but not in my shade.

GLADYS: Ah (WINKS) See what I can do for you. (SHE NIPS HER FAG QUICKLY) Watch it - here's Butch Cassidy.

A WELL BUILT PRISON OFFICER APPROACHES.

PRISON OFFICER: Finished yet, Mayhew?

FLO: Almost.

PRISON OFFICER: Then leave it for now. You've got a visitor.

FLO IS SURPRISED.

SC.12. PRISON VISITING ROOM. DAY.

CALLAN WAITS. THE DOOR OPENS AND THE PRISON OFFICER SHOWS FLO IN. SHE STIFLES HER IMMEDIATE REACTION TO THE SIGHT OF HIM, GOES TO THE TABLE AND SITS OPPOSITE. THE PRISON OFFICER STATIONS HERSELF AT THE DOOR WITHIN EARSHOT.

FLO: How pleasant to receive a gentleman caller.

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CALLAN: Thanks for the adjective but you don't know me well enough to use it.

FLO: I don't think I'll be here that long.

CALLAN: Still living in hope?

FLO: We always get our people back.

CALLAN: I remember you saying that at the time.

FLO: Yes, ...What's the purpose of this visit - have you just come to gloat?

CALLAN: Over - your last assignment ? A right mess you made of it. Er - no offence.

FLO: None taken. And - er - no hard feelings?

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CALLAN: Don't get overjoyed...Nothing's been settled. I mean - not actually fixed. But if it is - then things could move very quickly.

FLO: Quicker than fourteen years?

CALLAN: A lot quicker than that.

FLO: I'm glad you told me. It saves me the trouble of working out my remission for good behaviour.

CALLAN: Uh-huh. That's the point. Bad behaviour could be more productive.

FLO LOOKS AT HIM, PUZZLED.

SC.13. INT. HUNTER'S OFFICE. DAY.

HUNTER IS DICTATING A LIST TO LISA.

HUNTER: A completely new wardrobe, Lisa. The latest styles. I want - I want - if not haute couture - at least clothes which give an impression of...the good life.

LISA: Yes sir - (CHECKS PAD) Two coats, a trouser suit, three day dresses, shoes.

HUNTER: Yes, that's the lot.

LISA: Not....the lot, sir.

HUNTER: Mmm? Ah, of course - well, use your initiative, LIsa. And I'm prepared to authorise an expenditure of up to one hundred and twenty pounds. (LISA MUTTERS SOMETHING INAUDIBLE) Something wrong?

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LISA: That would scarcely pay for the the initiatives, sir.

HUNTER: Well...whatever you think. Just don't bankrupt the firm.

AS LISA EXITS; CALLAN ENTERS.

HUNTER: And how is the lady, Callan?

CALLAN: Keen, sir. Trying not to show it. But very keen.

HUNTER: You have no compunction about this operation, Callan?

CALLAN: For Flo Mayhew? Oh yes...about as much as she had when she tried to knock me off.

SC.14. EXT. PRISON GATES. FILM. DAY.

AN ORDINARY OLDISH-MODEL CAR IS PARKED SOME DISTANCE FROM THE GATES.
INT. CAR. RICHMOND SITS INSIDE STUDYING WHAT IS OBVIOUSLY A GROUND PLAN OF THE PRISON. HE LOOKS UP TO SEE:

NORAH APPROACHING FROM THE GATES. SHE GETS IN BESIDE HIM.

NORAH: The refuse disposal trucks are supervised and thoroughly checked before they leave.

RICHMOND: I thought they might be. Did you find out about the kitchen equipment?

NORAH: The major items are serviced by the manufacturers. The mechanics park their van - (SHE LOCATES IT ON THE PLAN) - just here.

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RICHMOND: Then that is a possibility. It would have to be a daylight operation.

NORAH: Does that bother you?

RICHMOND: Can we jump the police wavelength?

NORAH: Very easily.

RICHMOND: Then it doesn't bother me. How often do the mechanics make their inspection?

NORAH: There's a routine servicing every six weeks - unless something goes wrong in the interim.

RICHMOND: Then something has to go wrong. She should be able to manage that.

NORAH: Yes...that.

RICHMOND LOOKS AT HER SLIGHTLY SURPRISED.

RICHMOND: A note of criticism?

NORAH: (SHRUGS) She's in there because she bungled a job. But I agree. She should be able to contrive something. We were on a course togethe which covered minor sabotage. Basic mechanical and electronic principles.

RICHMOND: Not, I would guess, her favourite subje How did she cope?

NORAH: With efficiency but no enthusiasm.

RICHMOND: (SMILES) No....I think Svetlana would b more attuned to a course in haute cuisine.

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SC.15. INT. PRISON KITCHEN. NIGHT.

FLO IS STIRRING A LARGE POT OF CUSTARD: GLADYS IS SKIVING BESIDE HER, FAG IN HAND. FLO TASTES THE POTION.

GLADYS: What's it taste like, then?

FLO: Poor quality distemper with just the subtlest flavouring of cigarette ash. Would you mind...?

GLADYS: Sorry, Flo. (HIDES FAG) Watch it.

THE PRISON OFFICER JOINS THEM.

PRISON OFFICER: Still rabbitting? I can see I'm going to have to separate you two.

SHE TURNS AWAY. A LARGISH BLOB OF CUSTARD HITS HER SHOULDER. SHE FREEZES, LOOKS AT IT AND TURNS BACK. FLO HOLDS THE STIRRING SPOON.

PRISON OFFICER: Was that deliberate, Mayhew?

FLO: No - no - honest, it wasn't. (PAUSES) I was aiming at your face.

THE PRISON OFFICER GRABS HER BY THE SHOULDER.

PRISON OFFICER: What did you say?

FLO STUDIES THE HAND ON HER SHOULDER FOR A BEAT: SMILES AND STARTS THE FIRST MOVEMENT OF A JUDO THROW.
ON THE APPREHENSIVE GLADYS. HER HAND FLIES TO HER MOUTH.

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GLADYS: Oh, My Gord...!

AS WE HEAR - O.S. - THE SOUND OF A WELL BUILT PRISON OFFICER BEING CHUCKED THROUGH A RACK OF COOKING UTENSILS.

SC.16. INT. MISSION. LIVING ROOM. DAY.

NORAH SLAMS IN; FURIOUS. DOWSETT LOOKS AT HER.

NORAH: Where is he?

DOWSETT: Sleeping.

NORAH: Wake him.

RICHMOND: (OFF) I'm awake.

CUT TO INCLUDE RICHMOND AT THE BEDROOM DOOR.

RICHMOND: Have you made contact?

NORAH: No. And I won't for the next fortnight!

RICHMOND: Why not?

NORAH: She's in solitary confinement!

RICHMOND REACTS.

END OF PART ONE

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PART TWO

SC.17. EXT. PRISON GATES. FILM. NIGHT

CALLAN AND FLO COME OUT, HANDCUFFED. FLO IS STILL IN PRISON UNIFORM.
THEY WALK TOWARDS THE TAXI.

SC.18. INT. TAXI. NIGHT.

CALLAN AND FLO GET IN THE BACK. LONELY DISCARDS HIS NEWSPAPER AND LOOKS ROUND.

LONELY: Right, Mr. Callan - (HE RECOGNISES FLO) Here! It's you!

FLO: Thanks. I was suffering from a crisis of identity.

LONELY: It's her, Mr. Callan! That spy -

CALLAN: Drive the taxi, Lonely.

LONELY: Took me for a right mug, didn't you? Playing me along, weren't you? Well, what you got to say for yourself - cat got your tongue?

CALLAN: (PATIENTLY) Drive the taxi, Lonely.

LONELY: Fancied yourself as a right little Mata Hari. Trying to get at Mr. Callan through me. No telling what lengths you'd have gone to.

FLO: Chance would be a fine thing, Lonely.

LONELY: Well, as far as I'm concerned -

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CALLAN: Lonely!

LONELY: Drive the taxi.

SC.19. EXT. PRISON GATES. FILM. NIGHT.

THE TAXI STARTS UP AND PULLS AWAY.

SC.20. INT. TAXI. NIGHT.

THE TAXI IN MOTION. FLO LOOKS AT THE HANDCUFFS: LOOKS AT CALLAN.

FLO: I was reading in a magazine that the stylish woman simply doesn't wear handcuffs these days.

CALLAN: She does if you don't want her to make a fast sprint for the embassy.

FLO: With an exchange in the offing that would seem rather pointless.

CALLAN: Just making sure we'll have something to swop.

FLO: For whom?

CALLAN: Burroughs.

FLO: Hmm - we caught a big one. How long to settle the details?

CALLAN: A few days.

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FLO: It's all a bit elaborate, I must say. Why did I have to skin my knuckles on a prison officer -

CALLAN: Because we want you handy for a fast switch - but we don't want your lot thinking we're too keen.

FLO: Reasonable. Where to now?

CALLAN: A Mayfair hotel. We've got a little pad there.

FLO: Ah yes, I remember.

CALLAN: We both remember.

SC.21. INT. HOTEL. BATHROOM. NIGHT.

SUMPTUOUS.

LIZ IS RUNNING A BATH. SHE TURNS OFF THE TAPS AND GOES THROUGH TO:

SC.22. INT. HOTEL. LOUNGE. NIGHT.

(AS IN "CALL ME SIR!")

CALLAN IS SIPPING A DRINK. LIZ COLLECTS HER COAT FROM A CHAIR.

LIZ: I think that's everything, David.

CALLAN: Thanks, Liz. You run along home now.

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FLO COMES OUT OF THE BEDROOM: STILL IN UNIFORM BUT FLAUNTING A NEW DRESS WITH UNFEIGNED PLEASURE.

FLO: Just what I'd have picked myself - all of them. You have excellent taste.

LIZ: Thank you. We have your measurements on file, of course, but I've made certain allowan here and there - (SHE SHRUGS) - eight months of prison food...

FLO: Intelligence, too.

LIZ: Your bath's ready. Goodnight.

FLO: Goodnight.

CALLAN GOES TO THE DOOR. FLO WATCHES AS HE DOUBLE UNLOCKS IT WITH TWO KEYS; LETS LIZ OUT AND DOUBLE LOCKS IT AGAIN. HE POURS ANOTHER DRINK AND HANDS IT TO FLO.

CALLAN: Are the...appointments satisfactory?

FLO: One small complaint. The windows won't open.

CALLAN: No. And the glass doesn't break. Which is just as well because if it did the alarm bells would waken the district.

FLO: What a very secure house.

CALLAN: Got it on the list?

FLO: Obviously. I phoned you here when....

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CALLAN: When you tried to lure me into an ambush.

FLO: Let's not discuss...unpleasantries. Where do you live now?

CALLAN: Just across the hall.

FLO: You're my neighbour.

CALLAN: Me. Or somebody like me. It's a twenty four hour watch.

FLO: And my door stays locked?

CALLAN: At all times.

FLO SEES THE TELEPHONE AND CLAPS HER HANDS.

FLO: A telephone...! You know, it's the little things you miss most. The things you normally take for granted.

CALLAN: Don't take it for granted that you'll be phoning my friends. The switchboard will put th call straight through to my room.

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FLO: And I've no friends there?

CALLAN UNLOCKS THE DOOR PREPARATORY TO LEAVING.

CALLAN: If you need anything, anytime - the numbe two-one-two.

FLO MOCKS HIM WITH A SMILE.

FLO: Anything? Any time?

CALLAN REACTS - THEN

CALLAN EXITS; THE LOCKS TURN. FLO LAUGHS, EUPHORIC, FREE; KNOCKS BACK HER DRINK AND HEADS FOR:

SC.23. INT. HOTEL. BATHROOM. NIGHT.

SHE SURVEYS THE WELL STOCKED RACK OF OILS, LOTIONS AND COSMETICS, WITH PLEASURE; EMPTIES HALF A JAR OF BATH SALTS INTO THE TUB AND STARTS TO TEAR OFF HER PRISON UNIFORM.

SC.24. INT. MISSION. LIVING ROOM. DAY.

ON RICHMOND, CHARMING AND SMILING OVER A TEACUP: CUTTING TO INCLUDE NORAH AND GLADYS.

RICHMOND: And how does it feel to be free, Gladys?

GLADYS: Well, the first couple of days took a bit of getting used to. But it's better than being in, I'll tell you. I'm ever so grateful, Miss Dowsett, I don't know how to thank you.

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NORAH: By leading a useful Christian life... And It's not really me you have to thank.

GLADYS: Then who...? (SHE LOOKS AT NORAH WHO LOOKS AT RICHMOND WHO LOOKS UNASSUMING) You, Mr.....?

RICHMOND: Let's just say that I am not unknown to the authorities.

GLADYS: Oh...you a prison visitor, too?

RICHMOND: I...have visited,yes. When Miss Dowsett told me of your - um - history, I thought there were good grounds for taking an interest in your case. It's so easy for a young girl to be led astray.

GLADYS: Yes, well, that's just what happened, wasn't it?

NORAH: Rather frequently. How many offences were taken into consideration?

GLADYS: Well...three.

NORAH: Three?...But...there were four, surely.

GLADYS: Yes, but I didn't let on about that. I mean, I only mentioned it to you 'cos...well... I felt like telling somebody.

RICHMOND: The impulse to confess is a strong one. I think Gladys has paid her debt to Society.

NORAH: Her young man hasn't and he was involved.

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GLADYS: Here, you wouldn't shop Charlie, would you? Gord, he'd kill me! Don't Miss Dowsett, please. With his record he'd go up for a straight five -

RICHMOND: Come, come, my dear. Don't be alarmed. I think, Miss Dowsett, we can consider it water under the bridge.

NORAH: Well...I'm not sure. Quite apart from having it on my conscience, I feel the police should know -

RICHMOND: I do appreciate your position but perha you could make some small sacrifice of conscience in the interest of...rehabilitation?

NORAH: (PAUSES) It really does depend on Glady's future conduct.

GLADYS: I'll be a plaster saint, really I will. I don't want to go back to prison.

RICHMOND: Of course you don't. Stay well clear of it - apart from the odd visit.

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GLADYS: Visit? You're joking.

NORAH: I don't think it was intended as a joke. The fortunate have an obligation to the unfortunate.

RICHMOND: Wouldn't you like to help Miss Dowsett with her work? Unofficially, of course.

GLADYS: Well....yes... But I can't think of anybody to visit.

NORAH: What about that unfortunate woman who shared your cell?

GLADYS: Flo Mayhew? Oh, she's all right. I mean, we'd nothing much in common with her being a Russian though she wouldn't admit it. But she's all right.

RICHMOND: (QUIETLY) Tell me about her.... Is she well?

GLADYS: (SHRUGS) She's - all right.

NORAH: (SHARPLY) It isn't possible to be all right, as you put it, outside a state of Grace. I thought, perhaps, we could help her to find it.

GLADYS: Oh, you'd get no change out of Flo. The padre had a couple of goes. Very crestfallen, he looked.

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NORAH: Gladys, it seems to me that your reformation hasn't gone very deep.

RICHMOND: (SIGHS) True. This reluctance to help others.

GLADYS: I'd be glad to help, honest! I mean, I'd visit her. But she isn't there.

NORAH: I'm aware that she's in solitary confinement - but that's only temporary.

GLADYS: But it's not. I mean, we all thought she'd been sent to the strip. That's what we thought, but she couldn't have been.

RICHMOND: Explain.

GLADYS: Well, I worked in the kitchen, didn't I? I mean, I used to make up the grub for the ones that was on punishment - you know, restricted diet and that. It wouldn't feed a sparrow. But they never starved them. And nothing was being sent down when I left.

RICHMOND: You're certain.

GLADYS: 'Course I'm certain....I thought I might be able to slip her a few chips or something. Mind you - she could be on hunger strike - no, that's not Flo. Or maybe she's gone off her chump. Or maybe it was something to do with that fella.

RICHMOND: Who?

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GLADYS: The fella that came to visit her.

SC.25. INT. HOTEL. LOUNCE. NIGHT.

CLOSE ON A CHARCOAL SKETCH OF CALLAN WHICH IS BEING EXECUTED BY FLO. CALLAN SITS OPPOSITE. THEIR RELATIONSHIP IS MORE RELAXED: BANTERING.

FLO: Our file photographs don't really do you justice. Three quarters left is your best profile.

CALLAN: I'll remember to say next time I'm captured. (PAUSES) Much in the file?

FLO: Oh....about four thousand words. Mine?

CALLAN: Eight closely typed foolscap pages. What's that?

FLO: A fisherman's story. You don't have that much on me.

CALLAN: Svetlana Souraikan - Born Singapore, 19?? of Russian emigre parents; Education - a private boarding school in Chelmsford.-

FLO: I believe I told you that.

CALLAN: Went to the Soviet Union, 1946; recruited by the K.G.B. in 1959 - you didn't tell us that.

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FLO: Clever little you. Has it occurred to you that we probably know as much about each other as most married couples?

CALLAN: Some things don't go down on files....Or not the way they really are.

FLO: No....(SHE DISCARDS THE SKETCH AND LEANS BACK) I'm really looking forward to going home.

CALLAN: Somebody waiting?

FLO: My daughter.

CALLAN: Your ....daughter?

FLO: Mmm - she'll be twelve soon - (SHE LOOKS AT CALLAN AND SMILES) A slip. That wasn't in the file, was it?

CALLAN: No....It doesn't even say you're married.

FLO: I'm not.

CALLAN: I see....

FLO: It can happen - even to people like us. Her name's Irena. Well don't look so shocked.

CALLAN: I'm not. I'm just surprised we didn't have it.

FLO: Don't bother adding it to the file.

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CALLAN: It might come in useful.

FLO: You think so?

CALLAN: I think - I'll tell you what I think you'll be operational again ten minutes after you get back.

FLO: You're wrong. They can tear up the file. Your - forgive the expression - your liquidation was to be my last assignment.

CALLAN: And you blew it.

FLO: Unofficially and I wouldn't want this to get back but - I'm not too sorry that I did. Do you believe that?

CALLAN: If I could believe that the K.G.B. would pension off a highly-trained agent for no reason at all, I could believe anything.

FLO: I'm leaving at my own request - and there is a reason.

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CALLAN: What?

FLO: I have influential friends.

SC. 26. INT. MISSION. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

GLADYS HAS GONE. RICHMOND IS WORRIED: NORAH HARD FACED.

NORAH: Look at the facts....Assaulting a prison officer. It's hardly what you'd expect from a trained operative.

RICHMOND: Discipline can break down under provocation.

NORAH: There was no provocation. I've made discreet inquiries. It seems that Svetlana almost wrecked the kitchen before they got her under control. It took three wardresses to hold her down.

RICHMOND: (SMILES) Then she didn't entirely forget her training.

NORAH: May I remind you of how serious this is?

RICHMOND: May I remind you of our respective ranks?

NORAH: Since Svetlana must have been aware of the consequences, it follows that she wished to be placed in solitary confinement - for her own reasons. Since she has been removed, it also follows that

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NORAH: (CONTD.) these reasons were shared by others.

RICHMOND: Such inexorable logic. The S.I.S.?

NORAH: Probably.

RICHMOND: An admission of doubt.

NORAH: Which raises the question - why is a K.G.B. agent co-operating with the S.I.S.?

RICHMOND: No reason comes to mind.

NORAH: You seem to be avoiding the obvious conclusion.

RICHMOND: Assumptions aren't conclusions. How well do you know Svetlana?

NORAH: We trained together on a special course. We've had operational contact from time to time.

RICHMOND: You dislike her.

NORAH: Personalities hardly enter into it. I have made my appraisal from an objective and professional standpoint.

RICHMOND: I'm sure....

NORAH: She struck me as frivolous and superficial. Soft.

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RICHMOND: Yes....That's Svetlana. Soft. Like a marshmallow.

NORAH: Quite.

RICHMOND: With a ball-bearing inside it. Try biting one some time.

NORAH: I detected no strength of character. Only an absence of dedication.

RICHMOND: And a presence of beauty?

NORAH: I really must object to this suggestion that I have some personal dislike for our comrade-

RICHMOND: The objection is noted. Anything else?

NORAH: Yes. She was about to leave the organisation.

RICHMOND: (PAUSES) How do you know?

NORAH: It was considered relevant information.

RICHMOND: You consider it relevant?

NORAH: An agent on her last assignment gets captured and sentenced to fourteen years? A woman like that! Oh, I can guess what psychological effect it would have on her....(SHE RECOGNISES HER VEHEMENCE AND STOPS) It's....possible that she may have bought her freedom.

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RICHMOND: Svetlana wouldn't defect.

NORAH: Moscow might think otherwise. Our suspicions should certainly be reported.

RICHMOND: It would be premature to report our suspicions since they mainly consist of your prejudices.

NORAH: I'm aware of your own.

RICHMOND: I could almost detect insubordination.

NORAH: None was intended. But I must say this....If I thought for one moment that a superior was being derelict in his duty - for whatever reason - then no consideration would deflect me from mine.

RICHMOND: Admirable. (PAUSES) If she's been removed from prison that could help us a great deal. I want a watch kept on all the known safe houses in London. I'll check the one I was taken to.

SC. 27. INT. HUNTER'S OFFICE. DAY.

ON HUNTER: CUTTING TO INCLUDE CALLAN.

HUNTER: Yes, Callan - excursions. The blue sky, the green leaves, the fresh air....all part of the conditioning. You'd take precautions of course.

CALLAN: Yes....yes...of course. Sir - you said she knew nothing of value.

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HUNTER: Nothing of value to the K.G.B. Though I imagine she could supply us with a fair amount of current information.

CALLAN: Current, yes. It would be out of date in what - five years.

HUNTER: Or less. Why?

CALLAN: She's in for fourteen.

HUNTER: She's a spy.

CALLAN: I know that - but - well, there's a woman as well as a spy. Fourteen years. It'll break her.

HUNTER: Oh, I think she'll break a lot sooner than that. Without hope. I read the psychiatrist's report very thoroughly before I put this project in hand.

CALLAN: I bet you did.

HUNTER: You were as keen on the idea as I was.

CALLAN: I still am. I mean - I want it to work. But after it has...She's no use to us then, is she? I was thinking.....a bit off the sentence. Cut it in half say -

HUNTER: Callan - we are not a parole board. Even if I had the authority - (HE SHRUGS) - we wouldn't be doing her any favours, would we?

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SC. 28. INT. HOTEL. LOUNGE. DAY:

FLO IS VARNISHING HER NAILS AS CALLAN SHOWS HER SOME MODEL SOLDIERS. HE HOLDS UP A HIGHLANDER.

CALLAN: Ever hear of the Thin Red Line? Sorted out your lot at Balaclava.

FLO: How sweet....Got one there from the Light Brigade?

CALLAN: Don't be petty.

FLO: I suppose - in a way - we're soldiers, too. Do you think in, say, a hundred years time, people might be doing the same thing with little model spies? You know - collecting them and painting them?

CALLAN: You're doing a fair job of painting one right now.

FLO LOOKS AT HER NOW-FINISHED NAILS AND SIGHS.

FLO: All dressed up and nowhere to go.

CALLAN: Getting impatient?

FLO: Well, I've been cooped up in here for eight days. At least in the other place they allowed me out for exercise.

CALLAN: Fancy a jaunt?

FLO: Are you kidding? (SHE LOOKS AT HIM: HE ISN'T) What about the fast sprint to the embassy?

CALLAN SMILES AND PRODUCES HIS HANDCUFFS.

SC. 29. EXT. THAMES SIDE FOOTPATH. FILM. DAY.

CALLAN AND FLO APPROACH CAM: CLOSE TOGETHER, INTIMATE: FLO'S RIGHT HAND IS WITH HIS RIGHT IN HIS POCKET, CONCEALING THE HANDCUFFS. THEY FIND SOMEWHERE TO SIT. FLO BREATHES DEEPLY, ENJOYING THE AIR. THEN:

FLO: How were you recruited, Callan? And don't say it just happened because you must have made a decision at some point.

CALLAN: I make decisions all the time. Trouble is that nobody pays a blind bit of notice to them. Let's just say I wanted to do my bit for freedom and the West.

FLO: (SMILES) And Mom's apple pie. (SHE PAUSES) People like us - you and me - are we really committed to any cause? Or do we just do what comes naturally and enjoy the game?

CALLAN: Was that your reason?

FLO: If I were honest....I might admit that the danger and the excitement held some appeal.

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CALLAN: And it's better than digging spuds on a collective.

FLO: You have a simple view of the Socialist revolution.

CALLAN: I've seen it close up. Wasn't struck.

FLO: And does everything on your patch leave you speechless with admiration?

CALLAN: Maybe not.....Look, I had a similar conversation quite recently with a fella. We didn't persuade each other.

FLO: I wasn't trying to. I was just thinking that people like us often have more in common with each other than we have with the people we work for.

CALLAN: Professionals usually do.

FLO: Well, I'll be out of it soon.... Let's get back.

CALLAN: Impatient to get out, impatient to get back. What a girl.

FLO: Well, there might be some news.

CALLAN: Yes....there might.

FLO: Callan....If I said that I hoped we'd never meet again after this - would you accept it as a kindly thought?

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CALLAN: (PAUSES) Come on, time we were going.

M.L.S.: AS THEY RISE, THERE IS: A CAMERA-SHUTTER CLICK AND A BRIEF BLACK AND THE IMAGE BECOMES:

SC 30. INT. MISSION. LIVING ROOM. DAY.

A SNAPSHOT OF FLO AND CALLAN: ARMS LINKED: FLO SMILING UP AT HIM, RELAXED: INTIMATE. CUT TO SHOW THAT NORAH IS STUDYING IT, TIGHT LIPPED. A POLAROID CAMERA IS ON THE TABLE BESIDE HER. DOWSETT IS BESIDE HIS TRANSCEIVER LOOKING DOUBTFULLY AT A PRETTY LENGTHY MESSAGE ON THE NOTEPAD.

DOWSETT: Shouldn't we wait until he gets back?

NORAH: And when will that be? He's been gone for two days. Code it and send it as soon as the trawler's in range.

DOWSETT: It's long....longer than anything I've sent before -

NORAH: We are faced with an emergency.

DOWSETT HESITATES. A BRIEF CALL SIGN ISSUES FROM THE TRANSCEIVER. DOWSETT SWITCHES TO TRANSMIT AND STARTS SENDING. NORAH WATCHES, GRIMLY SATISFIED.

END OF PART TWO:

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PART THREE:

SC. 31. INT. DETECTOR VAN. DAY:

ON THE SPEAKER CHATTERING MORSE: CUTTING TO INCLUDE MERES AND THE DIAL-FRANTIC TECHNICIAN.

MERES: Come on - come on - he's been on the air for three minutes -

TECHNICIAN: Four degrees west -

MERES: Take the next turning on the left -

TECHNICIAN: Steady....Steady....G ot it.... Got it! THE TRANSMISSION STOPS. THE TECHNICIAN GETS ON TO THE R.T.

TECHNICIAN: D One to D Two - Do you read me - over. Get it, Fred? Oh...that's a pity. Never mind - could happen to anybody.

MERES: (COLDLY) Precisely what could happen to anybody that consistently seems to happen to Fred?

TECHNICIAN: His gear went on the blink. Gremlins.

MERES: Gremlins...I suppose if I asked you to elucidate you'd say his high-resistance browtabs jumped up his oscillating tweeter-meter? Four bloody minutes -

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TECHNICIAN: All right, mate - we've got something.

HE PLACES A RULER ON THE STREET PLAN AND DRAWS A LINE ACROSS IT, CORNER TO CORNER.

TECHNICIAN: Old Nippy Finger's located somewhere along that line.

SC. 32. INT. HOTEL. LOUNGE. DAY:

ON BISHOP, CUTTING TO INCLUDE FLO AND HUNTER. CALLAN IS APART FROM THEM, AVOIDING FLO'S BEWILDERED EYES.

BISHOP: No, Miss Mayhew. You don't quite understand. I'm afraid the news we have is rather....distressing.

CALLAN: That's what's known as British understatement.

HUNTER: Callan, please. Don't make it any more difficult.

FLO: Make what more difficult?

HUNTER: Despite the most strenuous efforts on our part, I must inform you that a situation has arisen which precludes any possibility of your being returned to the Soviet Union -

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FLO: Callan, what's he saying!

CALLAN: The deal's off!

FLO: (SILENT, UNCOMPREHENDING) There's been a setback....

HUNTR: No....The difficulty is of a rather more permanent nature. In the course of events, our colleagues in the C.I.A. were informed of the impending exchange and reacted with - um - asperity. In short - they feel that it's simply not on.

FLO: You've started taking orders from the Americans?

BISHOP: It would be more accurate to say that we see their point of view. You wouldn't wish to cause a breach with our NATO allies.....Er - well - perhaps you would but we wouldn't. You were in Connecticut last year.

FLO: No.

BISHOP: The C.I.A. insist that you were and that, furthermore, you were part of an espionage network operating in that state - one which succeeded in penetrating Project Dolphin.

FLO: I've never even heard of it!

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HUNTER: They are convinced, Miss Mayhew, that not only have you heard of it but also that you know far too much about it. We share that conviction.

FLO: I deny it absolutely!

HUNTER: Well....yes...you would, wouldn't you? Sadly, the information you are said to possess is of such a long term nature that any possibility of exchanging you now - or indeed in the future - must be ruled out completely.

FLO LOOKS AT CALLAN DESPERATELY. HE LOOKS AWAY. BISHOP NOTES THE EXCHANGE AND FROWNS.

FLO: What....what happens to me?

HUNTER: You will complete the remainder of your sentence.

FLO IS STUNNED INTO SILENCE.

CALLAN: When?

HUNTER: Mmm? Oh, when does Miss Mayhew have to go back to - um? There are certain arrangements to be made. You'll be informed.

CALLAN: She's supposed to be in solitary for another two days.

HUNTER: Yes....I can see no reason why she should not spend them in the comfort of these surroundings. Naturally, the.... excursions will be discontinued.

BISHOP GOES TO THE DOOR. CALLAN FOLLOWS HIM TO UNLOCK IT. FLO SITS, STRICKEN. BISHOP LOOKS AT HER AND HESITATES.

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BISHOP: I'm not at all sure that it's quite proper for me to express such an opinion but....I must say that your bearing in the face of this bitter disappointment can only compel admiration.

FLO: (PAUSES) I'll have fourteen years to practice it.

HUNTER: Good day.

BISHOP AND HUNTER EXIT. CALLAN SELF CONSCIOUSLY LOCKS THE DOOR BEHIND HIM. HE GOES TO WHERE THE DRINKS ARE, POURS A BRANDY AND TAKES IT IN TO FLO.

FLO: Don't say a word....Just don't say a word. (SHE PAUSES, TRIES A SMILE) So we don't always get them back.

AND COLLAPSES SOBBING.

WE SEE CALLAN'S FACE.

SC. 33. INT. MISSION. LIVING ROOM. DAY:

CLOSE ON RICHMOND, QUIETLY FURIOUS. DOWSETT IS APPREHENSIVE: NORAH DEFIANT.

RICHMOND: When was the message sent?

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DOWSETT: Four hours ago. I was ordered, sir -

RICHMOND: Contact the trawler.

NORAH: It will be out of range -

RICHMOND: Raise them!

DOWSETT STARTS SENDING THE CALL SIGN.

NORAH: Colonel, I must formally protest -

RICHMOND: Protest to the court martial! You went against my express orders! Major, I will personally see to it that you are recalled and disciplined for this act of gross insubordination -

NORAH: It was justified by circumstances!

RICHMOND: What circumstances?

NORAH: Your absence - and this!

NORAH HANDS HIM THE SNAPSHOT. RICHMOND STARES AT IT, SUDDENLY DEFLATED.

NORAH: Do you recognise the woman?

RICHMOND: Yes....and I recognise the man.

DOWSETT STOPS SENDING.

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DOWSETT: Sir....The trawler is out of range. I can't risk a longer signal -

A BURST OF MORSE ISSUES FROM THE TRANSCEIVER.

RICHMOND: They've acknowledged.

DOWSETT: No....we can read them but they can't read us. (HE TAKES UP HIS PAD AND PENCIL: LOOKS AT RICHMOND) It's a message from Moscow, sir.

SC. 34. INT. HOTEL. LOUNGE . DAY:

ON FLO, WHO HAS OBVIOUSLY BEEN CRYING, CUTTING TO INCLUDE CALLAN.

FLO: Callan - I swear to you - I've never been near Connecticut and I've never heard of this - this Dolphin Project....For God's sake help me - fourteen years...

CALLAN: Calm down, girl - calm down. Look... I've been thinking about it. There could be a way - (FLO LOOKS AT HIM HOPEFULLY) Defect.

FLO: No....

CALLAN: Trade!

FLO: I've nothing to trade with!!

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CALLAN: You have - at least, I think you have....Richmond's back in this country.

FLO: Richmond....(HER TRAINING ASSERTS ITSELF) I don't know the name.

CALLAN: You bloody do! Come on, we aren't fools, girl! You were on Richmond's team. We want him - you can get him!

FLO: (PAUSES) Supposing....just supposing.....I could help you. How long do you think I'd live. If the K.G.B. even suspected -

CALLAN: You're missing the point. They wouldn't have to suspect - they'd have to know!

FLO: Know?

CALLAN: You can't be exchanged because you've found out too much -

FLO: I haven't!

CALLAN: We think you have and that's the same thing. There's one way of guaranteeing you pass that information to the K.G.B. Shop Richmond - and we'll help you spend the rest of your life running away from them.

FLO: For how long?

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CALLAN: Maybe as much as fourteen years. You've had the training. You dodged us long enough.

FLO: I don't know....I don't know.... Irena....My daughter's in Russia!

CALLAN: Think she'll recognise you in nineteen eighty six?

FLO: (PAUSES) You....really think something could be worked out. I know you're trying to help me, Callan. But do you really think so?

CALLAN: It's worth a try. False papers, a new identity....Money....Maybe even a face-job. But whatever the deal is - it'll include your freedom and a head start.

FLO: I don't know....I just don't know.....

CALLAN: Look - go wash your face and think about it. I'll take soundings.

SC. 35. INT. HUNTER'S OFFICE. DAY.

CLOSE ON THE STREET PLAN WITH THE LINE DRAWN ACROSS IT. CUT TO INCLUDE HUNTER AND MERES.

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HUNTER: Well....it's something. One more fix and where the lines intersect - that's it.

MERES: The message was much longer this time.

HUNTER: The reply was much shorter.

HE PASSES THE MESSAGE PAD TO MERES: THE PHONE RINGS. HUNTER ANSWERS IT.

HUNTER: Yes....Good, good - well done, Callan. No, I think we'd better have her back here. I'll send Meres to assist. (HE HANGS UP) Callan - he thinks the lady's ready to talk business.

MERES: Sir - (HE STUDIES THE MESSAGE FROWNING) - Do you know what I think this means?

HUNTER: What I think it means.

MERES: Have you informed Callan?

HUNTER: That's neither necessary nor expedient.

MERES: Then I shan't, either.

HUNTER: I applaud your reticence.

MERES: No....don't applaud, sir. That way you'd let your right hand know what your left hand was doing.

SC. 36. INT. HOTEL. LOUNGE. DAY:

ON CALLAN: HE LOOKS AT HIS WATCH AND THEN AT: THE BATHROOM DOOR. A WATER STAIN IS SEEPING FROM UNDER THE EDGE.

CALLAN HURRIES TO THE DOOR: TAPS ON IT. HE TRIES THE HANDLE: THE DOOR'S BOLTED.

SC. 37. INT. HOTEL. BATHROOM. DAY:

CLOSE: AN EMPTY DISINFECTANT BOTTLE LIES ON THE WATER SODDEN FLOOR.
FLO LIES CRUMPLED BESIDE IT. THE WASH-HAND BASIN TAPS ARE RUNNING AND THE BASIN IS OVER-FLOWING.
CALLAN SHOULDERS THE DOOR: THE BOLT GIVES EASILY AND HE BURSTS IN.

CALLAN: Bloody Hell...! Flo...!

HE SEES THE BOTTLE AND QUICKLY KNEELS BESIDE HER. SHE GROANS IN EVIDENT PAIN. CALLAN GETS HIS ARMS ROUND HER AND HALF CARRIES, HALF DRAGS HER LIMP FORM OUT OF THE BATHROOM.

SC. 38. INT. HOTEL. LOUNGE. DAY.

HE WRESTLES HER ACROSS TO THE SOFA. SHE GROANS AGAIN AND HER ARMS GO ROUND HIM.

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FLO: Callan....don't leave me....

HE RELEASES HIMSELF, TURNS AND HURRIES TOWARDS THE PHONE. GETS HALFWAY THERE AND STOPS AS A THOUGHT STRIKES HIM. HIS HAND GOES TO HIS SHOULDER RIG. FROM BEHIND HIM, THERE IS THE AUDIBLE CLICK OF A SAFETY CATCH BEING RELEASED. HE TURNS TO SEE:

FLO, HIS LEVELLED GUN IN HER HAND.

FLO: (QUIETLY) I'm sorry, Callan - truly I am.

SC. 39. INT. MISSION. LIVING ROOM. DAY:

RICHMOND SITS DRUMMING HIS FINGERS ON THE TABLE. AS HE LOOKS AT HIS WATCH, NORAH COMES OUT OF THE BEDROOM WITH A SUITCASE. DOWSETT WAITS NERVOUSLY BY THE TRANSMITTER.

NORAH: How much longer?

DOWSETT: At least an hour.

NORAH: An hour....Every minute puts us at greater risk. With respect, sir - you have your orders from Moscow-

RICHMOND: As you have from me!

NORAH: If she's told them about this place -

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RICHMOND: Then it becomes imperative that we close down the frequency.

NORAH: Is there another reason you wanted us to stay on the air?

RICHMOND: What other?

NORAH: An appeal to Moscow perhaps?

RICHMOND: The trawler must be told that this station is dead.

NORAH: It only takes one of us to do that.

RICHMOND LOOKS AT DOWSETT, HESITATES AND NODS.

SC. 40. INT. MISSION. HALL. DAY.

RICHMOND AND NORAH HURRY TOWARDS THE STREET DOOR. THEY ARE LEAVING FOR GOOD. AS THEY ARRIVE AT THE DOOR, THE BELL RINGS. THEY LOOK AT ONE ANOTHER APPREHENSIVELY. RICHMOND'S HAND GOES TO HIS INSIDE JACKET: HE NODS. NORAH OPENS THE DOOR TO DISCOVER: FLO.

SC. 41. INT. HOTEL. BATHROOM. DAY:

CALLAN HAS HIS ARMS AROUND THE STEM OF THE WASHBASIN, HIS HANDS CUFFED ON THE OTHER SIDE. MERES HURRIES IN.

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MERES: There's someone on the way up with wire cutters. (PAUSES) So, she got your gun away from you?

CALLAN: I said so, didn't I?

MERES: Yes - you said so. Why didn't you get it back?

CALLAN: I didn't have the chance.

MERES: Or you didn't make the chance.

CALLAN: I didn't let it happen deliberately!

MERES: But perhaps subconsciously?

CALLAN: Is that what you think?

MERES: It's what Hunter will think.

CALLAN: Then he'll never bloody know, will he?

MERES: Why didn't she just shoot you?

CALLAN: I didn't ask her.

MERES: And you never will.

CALLAN LOOKS AT HIM SHARPLY.

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SC.42. INT. MISSION. LIVING ROOM: DAY:

RICHMOND LISTENS WHILE NORAH QUESTIONS FLO, ALMOST LIKE A PROSECUTOR. DOWSETT IS BY HIS TRANSMITTER.

FLO: I wasn't released from prison!

NORAH: You were removed and placed in an S.I.S. safe house -

FLO: A secure house - locked doors, bolted windows, alarm bells - not to mention a day and night guard!

NORAH: Why?

FLO: To stop me getting out, of course.

NORAH: To stop us getting in!

FLO: If you like. They weren't taking any chances until the exchange had been completed.

NORAH: What exchange?

FLO: For Burroughs.

RICHMOND: Edward Burroughs?

FLO: Yes....(THERE IS A SILENCE) Well...?

RICHMOND: Burroughs was shot crossing the wall three months ago.

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PAUSE:

FLO: I'm telling you the truth!

NORAH: The truth is that fourteen years in prison is an insupportable thought for a woman such as you. Fourteen years with every day longer than the last.... Every minute weighing like an hour..... Wondering how long before it's all gone... Mind - spirit - Beau- All gone!

RICHMOND: That's enough! Svetlana - did you defect?

FLO: (PAUSES) No! No! No!

NORAH: And I say yes. I only have to say it once because it's true. You arranged to betray us in return for your freedom -

FLO: It was suggested - but I made no arrangement -

RICHMOND: Svetlana - I wish to speak to you privately.

NORAH: I must insist on being present.

RICHMOND: And I must insist that you obey orders! Take the car round to the back and carry out your other instructions!

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HE TAKES FLO BY THE ARM AND SHEPHERDS HER INTO THE BEDROOM. NORAH GLARES AFTER THEM. DOWSETT COUGHS NERVOUSLY.

DOWSETT: My instructions -

NORAH: Are to close down the station.

DOWSETT: But the trawler won't be on listening watch.

NORAH: Try to raise them - and keep trying until they acknowledge. They must be told to stay off this frequency.

DOWSETT STARTS SENDING - A REPETITIVE CALL SIGNAL.

SC. 43. INT. DETECTOR VAN. DAY:

WHICH CARRIES THROUGH ON THE VAN'S SPEAKER. THE TECHNICIAN TAKES A READING FROM THE DIAL. THEN: RULER ON STREET PLAN: A LINE: IT INTERSECTS.

SC. 44. INT. MISSION. BEDROOM. DAY:

FLO AND RICHMOND. RICHMOND SILENT, CONSIDERING.

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FLO: Kyril - you must see it. I've been tricked. I admit it. Obviously, there will have to be an inquiry but I'm sure I can explain to our superiors -

RICHMOND: There will be no inquiry.... No court martial....

FLO: Why not?

RICHMOND: Because I doubt if you could explain this.

HE HANDS HER THE SNAPSHOT. SHE STUDIES IT FOR A MOMENT: THEN, RUEFUL, REGRETFUL:

FLO: Oh...Callan.

RICHMOND: Svetlana - if only you had waited....I was sent on this mission with specific orders. The first was to secure your release from prison and extricate you safely back to Russia.

FLO: Well... I'm released.

RICHMOND: The arrangements for your recovery are....barely progressed. It would take days - even weeks - before I could get you out.

FLO: I can wait.

RICHMOND: (PAUSES) I can't,

FLO: What - do you mean?

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RICHMOND: Your recovery was my first objective. If it proved impossible then I was to use my best judgment as to whether or not you constituted a danger to the K.G.B.

FLO: And if I did.

RICHMOND: The danger was to be - eliminated.

FLO: What is your best judgment?

RICHMOND: The point is academic. Moscow has intervened. There was a message. The Osprey must....go.

FLO: I see...I haven't defected. But I won't plead.

RICHMOND TAKES OUT HIS GUN AND RELEASES THE SAFETY- CATCH. FLO STARES AT IT FOR A MOMENT. HE PUTS HIS HAND ON HER SHOULDER AND TURNS HER AWAY FROM HIM. THEN HE PLACES THE GUN CLOSE AGAINST THE BACK OF HER HEAD.

FLO: Kyril.

RICHMOND: Yes?

FLO: Even in death a woman is entitled to some vanity.

RICHMOND HESITATES FOR A MOMENT, THEN TURNS HER BACK TO FACE HIM. HE PUTS THE MUZZLE OVER HER HEART. THEIR EYES HOLD.

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FLO: (QUIETLY) Irena -

RICHMOND: Will be well cared for.-

FLO: You promise.

RICHMOND: She is my daughter, too.

FLO NODS: CLOSES HER EYES: THEN:

FLO: Now!

CRASH CUT !!!

SC. 45. INT. MISSION.HALL. STUDIO.DAY:

THE DOORS CRASH OPEN. CALLAN AND MERES DODGE IN, GUNS READY.

SC. 46. INT. MISSION. LIVING ROOM. DAY:

DOWSETT, SENDING, STOPS AND LOOKS ROUND. A GUN LIES BESIDE THE TRANSMITTER. HE QUICKLY SWITCHES TO RECEIVE. NOTHING. HE RISES, HURRIES TO THE BEDROOM DOOR AND: THE TRAWLER ACKNOWLEDGES.
DOWSETT HESITATES, HURRIES BACK AND STARTS SENDING AGAIN, REACHING FOR THE GUN.,

OFF: THE LIVING ROOM DOOR BURSTS OPEN. DOWSETT MANAGES TO GET ONE SHOT AWAY BEFORE A FUSILADE FROM THE DOOR CUTS HIM DOWN. CLOSE ON HIS HAND ON THE MORSE KEY,

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STILL SENDING. IT STOPS: STIFFENS: FALLS AWAY.

CALLAN AND MERES ARE AT THE DOOR.

MERES: Tough luck - Old Nippy Finger.

CALLAN HURRIES TO THE BEDROOM DOOR AND KICKS IT OPEN BEFORE.

SC. 47. INT. MISSION. BEDROOM. DAY.

HE CAUTIOUSLY ADVANCES INTO THE ROOM. THE WINDOW IS OPEN. CALLAN LOOKS TOWARDS THE BED AND REACTS TO:
FLO: SHE LIES ON THE BED: DEAD, COMPOSED, AT PEACE. ABOVE HER HEART A DARK STAIN HAS SPREAD.
CALLAN CROSSES THE ROOM AND LOOKS DOWN AT HER SILENTLY FOR A LONG MOMENT.
THEN, QUIETLY:

CALLAN: I'm sorry, girl - truly, I am.

SC. 48. INT. MISSION. LIVING ROOM. DAY:

MERES IS BY THE TRANSMITTER. HE LOOKS ROUND AS CALLAN COMES OUT, HOLSTERING HIS GUN.

MERES: I wonder if Nippy Finger managed to tell them....David?

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CALLAN WALKS PAST HIM AND THROUGH TO:

SC. 49. INT. MISSION. HALL. DAY:

HUNTER HURRIES IN AND COMES TOWARDS HIM.

HUNTER: Did you get Richmond? Is he here.... Callan!

CALLAN WALKS PAST HIM AND OUT TO:

SC. 50. EXT. MISSION. STREET. FILM. DAY:

THE MISSION DOORS: A NEW POSTER HAS BEEN PUT ON THE NOTICE BOARD: "ALL THEY THAT TAKE THE SWORD SHALL PERISH WITH THE SWORD."

CALLAN WALKS INTO B.C.U.: HIS FACE A MASK.

CAPTIONS.

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PROD.NO.35012 VTR/TNS/5421

SERIES: CALLAN (12)

TITLE: "DO YOU RECOGNISE THE WOMAN?"

Producer: REGINALD COLLIN
Director: PETER DUGUID
Designer: MIKE HALL
Production Assistant: EDNA EWING

Floor Manager: JOHN COOPER
Stage Manager: DOROTHY POPE
Make-Up Supervisor: JOAN HILLS
Wardrobe Supervisor: GILLIAN GRIMES

Read-through and Rehearsals: 11.00 am Friday, 24 March, 1972 at Steadfast Hall, Thames Side, Kingston, Surrey. TEL: 546-3293

O.B.'s: Tuesday and Wednesday, 28 and 29 March, 1972

Camera Rehearsals: Wednesday and Thursday, 5 and 6 April, 1972 Studio One, Teddington

VTR: Thursday, 6 April, 1972 - Studio One, Teddington 15.15 - 19.15

CAST LIST

Callan	EDWARD WOODWARD
Lonely	RUSSELL HUNTER
Meres	ANTHONY VALENTINE
Hunter	WILLIAM SQUIRE
Bishop	GEOFFREY CHATER
Flo	SARAH LAWSON
Richmond	T. P. McKENNA
Norah	SHEILA FAY
Dowsett	JOHN MOORE
Gladys	CHERYL HALL
Liz	LISA LANGDON
Prison Officer	BELLA EMBERG
Technician	HARRY WALKER

Edna Ewing (Ext. 417)
22nd March, 1972

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